

The Irish Theosophist.

“THE BHAGAVAD GITA” IN PRACTICAL LIFE.

(Continued from p. 24.)

To dwell yet a moment more upon the despondency of Arjuna would not appear to be unprofitable, since mankind at the present day stands at just this point which the opening chapter of the *Gita* depicts, whether consciously or unconsciously to the mind. Not all are prepared to enter the holy war. Not all, but comparatively few, have heard of that war for man's redemption from himself; fewer still are they who feel Compassion's tide beating within the breast. And yet the race as a whole is being forced forward to this point by the resistless sweep of cyclic energy and cyclic law. The race, as a whole, is upon its trial; it is, as a whole, involving Manas or mind from the soul of the world, and mark that the true mind-principle comes from the *World-Soul*, not from itself; it is not intellect; it is *soul-mind*, born of the harmonious æther; it is a heart-force, is Compassion's youngest, sweetest child. When man has drawn this force into himself, when his sphere has taken it up, he then proceeds to evolve it, to express it himself in mental action, and as his desire and his will are, so is that expression; he evolves the mind-energy as materialistic intellect, the hardened offspring of Matter and Time; or he evolves it again as the tender mind-soul still, enriched and developed by its passage through human experience. Selfless, it was involved by him; selfless or selfish will he evolve it; pure it entered, in what state shall it go forth?

Now the race knows, as a whole, the struggle with material existence in one or another form; not one who tries to look even a little way beyond materiality but feels its hosts arise to veil his sight, to bar his way, to contend with him for the right of individual self-conscious and masterful existence. They or his awakening mind-soul must go; space is not wide or deep enough for both.

Although Arjuna sank in his chariot, letting fall his bow, saying that he should not fight, none the less was his reäction sure. We all feel, at the first reading of this chapter, that Arjuna's declaration goes for naught, that he will arise and carry on the war. Whence this interior assurance? It breathes through the spirit of the tale with an inimitable skill, but many of us might miss an aroma so delicate as this. We feel, beneath the despair of Arjuna, an under-current of fixed intention; we recognize the advent of the hour of destiny. Is it not because we see ourselves in Arjuna? The hero nears the point whence he must onward, and we, nearing that point with the whole of our race, have a prescience of it; we know that we cannot evade the onward march of life. The learned Subba Row has indicated that one of the names of Arjuna—the name Nara—signifies man at the present period of evolution. This accounts for our instinctive comprehension of Arjuna's attitude; like germs are in our own minds. How wonderful this book, which, written so long ago, still prophesies as of old and keeps step with us on the daily march, whispering ever an immortal hope.

The chariot appears to typify the mind, rather than the body of man. The body is indeed the field of war, the arena wherein contending forces drive, where man, the Thinker, wrestles with materialistic hosts. But mind is that which moves abroad over life, testing all experience and meeting all opposition. Yes, mind is the vehicle by means of which man rides on to meet the ancient, the familiar foe; it is in that fount of action that he rejoices, or sinks him in despair. And as it is in the very nature of mental action that it shall reäct, we have the secret of our belief that Arjuna will arise. It is a belief really rooted in our own experience, which allows us to tenderly smile with Krishna at the temporary dejection of man, whether another or ourselves.

Thus patience with our own reäctions is by implication shown to be supremely necessary. Why meet with less than patience an evanescent mood? Impatience will but prolong, irritation will but inflame it; wait on with patient time; the driven mind will inevitably turn upon its course. These reäctions of ours may be treated, not as drawbacks, but as a means to a more interior communion. It was only when Arjuna's body ceased from action and when mental action had, through despondency, a temporary lull, that the man's heart turned to Krishna for advice and consolation. It is a precious yet a daily truth, and one which daily escapes us, that back of brain-energy lies heart-force, and that when the former is exhausted the still fine voice of the

latter makes its music heard. Action and reaction have equal place in Nature and hence in ourselves; we, spirits plunged in Nature, garbed in her essences, girt with her powers, able, yet oft reluctant, to be free. The despondency which to some extent falls upon us when we cease from action need not be a hindrance. It is weary Nature's hint that her allotted task is done, that the moment for a more intense, interior action has come. In the life of a man this is typified when middle age sets in, when the man should act less and think the more. Up to then body was growing by means of external activity; the hour of mind has come and, naturally, the activities of the body are lessened. If we yield readily to this pause of the mind no despondency is felt. We imagine that mind finds rest in sleep, and needs that rest alone. Not so; *brain* rests in sleep, not mind; that the thinker still thinks on a thousand proofs have shown. There is a limit to mental action; brain limits it in man; in cosmos there is a limit to the field of mental energy; "thus far and no further shalt thou come and here shall thy proud waves be stayed," is written of it also; only under a change of energy, only as mind-soul, can it pass to higher regions, to pause again before the mysterious portals of Spirit. So we find mind seeking the rest it requires, and dejection is its hint to us that we should suffer the mind to repose, while we enter upon meditation, however briefly, using thus a silent power greater than that which flows through the brain, bringing it to the refreshment of the mind. This divine power has its climax with a Master-Spirit; these, thus "*indrawn*," gather in an instant of time the deep refreshment of a silent century.

Why should not the brain-mind feel dejection? It believes only in the efficacy of material action. It sees the enemies arrayed, the difficulties surging nearer; the "sin of oppression of friends" is plain in sight; no external way opens outward, and it abandons hope. Arjuna then retreats within. His brain-mind gives pause, and in the lull the silent Thinker speaks.

The war must first of all be waged with that brain-mind, that thing which we cannot exterminate for it is ourselves—as Arjuna truly saw, calling all these difficulties his family and his race: it is all kinds of Karma; it is a congeries of lower selves held in concrete form by the brain-mind under the false title of "Myself." This foe within the gates we cannot abandon, we must uplift it. Wherefore let us be patient with this part of our nature in daily life, gently leading its poor aspirations above the things of self, pointing out to it the beauty of deathless things, the joys of the Eternal. Patience then. Patience with thyself first of all; not sloth, not complacency, but patience that

sees the folly and unwisdom, yet consoles and waits. Patience such as this with thyself first of all, there where impatience is often but a wounded vanity that thou art not a stronger thing than this thou suddenly seest. If thou hast not such compassion for that which thou seest and knowest, how canst thou have patience with the brother thou knowest not? Uplift thy mind, feed it with hopes.

Inspire thyself. What man can inspire thee? Draw the diviner breaths deep within thyself, and poising thy soul upon these, all Nature stilled within thee, that soul shall plume her wings—the wings of meditation—for the flight into still holier airs.

JULIA W. L. KEIGHTLEY.

(To be continued.)

A WHISPER FROM THE PAST.

WRAP'T in vague and shadowy dreams I wandered far from the dwellings of my tribe into the dark wood. On and on beneath the pines and chestnuts and amid the young trees I walked, pondering upon the visions that rose before me: visions of space filled with mist-like figures crowned with stars, of lands more fair, of cloudless skies and burning suns, and faces that I knew not, yet which were strangely familiar to me.

Ofttimes I lived in these dreams till I knew not when I was dreaming or waking, and when naught but the war-shout of my warriors preparing for the battle could awaken me. Now there was no battle; with the enemies of my tribe peace had been proclaimed, for we had fought again and again until they had not warriors enough to battle with us. And while my people feasted I walked and dreamed apart.

Suddenly I paused, for upon my ears fell the sounds of a strange low chant, and something in it made my heart beat quickly and my pulses throb madly. Memories of a wondrous world, dim and ancient, struggled for life within me. Slowly I moved in the direction whence the sounds came, and beheld, pacing to and fro with slow and dreamy footsteps, a maiden strange to me. Yet as I gazed on the stately head and the dark, far-seeing eyes, it seemed to me she was no stranger. Still the low chant continued, still I moved forward until I stood before her. Even as I looked into her eyes I knew her, and the flower of love that had bloomed in other lifetimes and other lands blossomed anew in my heart. And to her I said :

“Summer is not here, yet have I heard the song of a singing-bird, and its music lingers in my heart. Sweeter than the rustle of unfold-

ing leaves in the spring-time, softer than the murmur of the gently-flowing waters, are its notes. I am the last of a race of chieftains; I alone wear the eagle-plume, and fain would I take you, sweet singing-bird, to my lodge. For meseems we two are linked together, and that in other lives we lived side by side, dreaming dreams and fulfilling destinies. Will you abide in the lodge of a chief, and make glad his heart with your music?"

She laid her hands upon my breast in token of assent, and looked with her mysterious eyes into mine, and uttered many words, the purport of which I could not wholly comprehend. Then she said:

" My chief, I knew you were nigh, and that our love, born in a distant past, would bind us together now as it did then, and will for time yet to come. For such love as ours is not a blossom that fades in a day, but lives on through the storm and sunshine of ages. Among northern snows and under burning skies, in forests and on the mountain-top, have we dwelt together; but soon the wild, free life will end, and in lands where the sun shines not clearly and the birds sing not sweetly; where men and women walk about blind, yet thinking they see, and into whose hearts love enters not, but only darkness and ignorance—in those lands shall we dwell, suffering sorrow and pain, and longing for the freedom we had of yore. Even then we shall have gladness, for the ancient memories and joyousness upwelling in our souls will never cease to throw their light around us, and bear us on to where the immortals already await our coming."

She ceased. My dreams grew clearer, and for a moment memory returned. I glimpsed the lives of which she had spoken, and had fore-knowledge of those to come. I knew that, even in the dark time to fall upon us, we would meet and tread together the secret ways of wisdom. Then I tenderly led her away to my dwelling, and for a few brief summers we lived together. And ever the love in my heart increased for her; though when her dreamings fell upon her, and she held communion with the winds and running waters and the spirits of the air she would forget the presence of all around, even, I think, she remembered me not.

As time passed on, and another shared our lodge with us, the Singing-bird, as I chose to call her, awoke from some of her musings to a more human life, though she never became as the other women of my tribe, but walked mostly apart in ways of her own. Sometimes she would join them at the fire that burned in the circle of our lodges, and speak a strange and mysterious wisdom that came to her in her dreams. But they could not understand; they were content to cook the corn

and venison for the warriors returning from the chase, nor knew nor dreamed aught of the fashioning of worlds or men.

While the child was still young our enemies gathered themselves together and waged war upon us again. But I led my warriors to the battle with the war-fury raging in their breasts, and we fought through the hours of the long day till we had scattered those who had dared to assail us, though in the doing of that I received my death-blow. So I bade my warriors carry me home to my lodge, for I would see my Singing-bird and child before death should steal the light from my eyes and make powerless the tongue to utter that which I would say to her.

When the people of my tribe were gathered round the rough couch of skins on which I rested, I gave to them my last words of wisdom and counsel as to how they should best keep themselves noble and true, so that when they also were killed in the battle they would pass quickly into the abode of the sun-god we all worshipped. Into their charge I gave her who had made summer of my life since first her eyes had looked into mine, and her strange chant of forgotten glories had fallen on my ears; and I bade them cherish her and the child, for she had much wisdom, and the child would surely be a great chief, and would also teach them to walk again in the secret ways approaching death made clear to me. Then silently they drew back while I spoke my farewell to her who held my heart.

“Farewell. I go, for death is upon me. I would bear you with me, even to where I go, but the weavers of life and death have decreed otherwise. Yet we shall meet again, for already is it dimly shadowed forth before me. Perchance we shall have forged bonds which seem to keep us asunder, but when we meet we shall surely know each other, and in our hearts will spring the blossom which has made sweet our life to-day. Much wisdom have I learned from you of the life men call death, and the death men call life; of the beings ever attendant upon man, waiting to work his will, and of the path to the gods, still you have much that I know not. Often when you have sung the song of the bygone ages, telling of the mighty ones who moved through space and breathed their messages over the world, I have seen the many-coloured radiance brighten and pale round your brow, and methinks you are one of those great ones, though all unknowing of it yourself. Even as I speak there gleams before me a time long past when we twain were as stars set in the heavens, radiant and glorious, yet always together. And I know we shall be again as stars, for ever there is a spirit within impelling me on to something I feel but dimly now, yet

when death is here I shall know for a surety. Now bid the warriors chant the song for the departing, for I would have the chiefs of my race meet me when I enter the sun-god's abode."

Night fell, and still I lingered, wrapped in the old, old dreams of might and power. Shadowy figures bent over me and floated above me; beings round whom the sun-rays played and the lights of many jewels glowed. Then, with a brief memory of her at my side, I drew the dark head to my breast and passed into the sun-god's home.

LAON.

ON IDEALS.

You had better begin to realize that others have ideals as well as you. You'll learn how to help if you notice this. Study the people around you a while and you'll see that you are not the only person in the world who has ideals. You are not the only one who is trying to help. To think otherwise is another form of vanity, and I have spoken often to you about this before.

It's all right to have high ideals; that is as it should be, no credit to you though in this. Be glad that you have such but don't pride yourself as being the only one of the sort, for there are many others who have as high and higher ideals than you.

You think the people you see about you have no ideals, do you? Look a little deeper and you'll find they have. They may have greater ones than you, but don't talk so much about them (except when asked, or if the occasion demands it). Better still, they may be trying to act up to their ideals, for they may realize what is true, that it's no use having such unless they try to live up to them. Do you examine yourself on this? You say you want to help, then do as I say on this a while and find out yourself how real your ideals are to you, or whether they are only something you like to talk about but do not like to live by.

I have heard people talk of Masters as ideals, but very few really try to live up to them as such. You are not exempt in this, are you? for you say you will have to wait till circumstances alter, till you feel better, and perhaps until your next incarnation, and what not, before you can begin to live towards such ideals as these.

This is only an attempt to deceive yourself and to cover yourself up by excuses, and is no good, for if you had taken them as ideals they would be more real to you than that, and you would make an attempt in spite of any circumstances, in the face of any events. Better be frank with yourself and begin just where and as you are.

If you want to help make a beginning at once by realizing that you can help others more by trying to bring out in them, and by trying to see, that they have ideals too, than in any other way. By trying to parade your own particular virtue or ideal to the exclusion of those of everyone else only bores people, is no good, and kills the reality of your own ideals. I get tired of people who continually tell others what large objects they have in life, but never live them. "Little tin gods" do this, and they forget to find out whether others may not have them too. You do this often, and it's time to stop if you ever expect to really be of use.

To think you can hold an ideal alone is also a mistake. Unless you share it and see that others have ideals too in greater or less degree you will never be able to perfect your own, and run the risk of losing it altogether.

Look for the best ideals in people you meet, and if they haven't such, your attitude of trying to take for granted that they have will sometimes force them to look inside to find the ideals they see you think they have, and so in time they'll find them. Will you lose yours while doing this? Not a bit of it; for on other planes you will be satisfied, and instead of taking time for self-praise you will be learning by this and from the ideals of others better things than you had ever dreamed of, and you will have the joy of seeing others helped by this to bring out the best in themselves. A little more pleasure over the good in others would help to make more men into gods whom we view now only as men, than anything else we could do. They'll forget you perhaps, but do you care? Well, if you don't then your help will be real, and in helping others to find their ideals you will find your own.

So I say bring out the best in all those you meet. Throw off some of the veils that cover their souls by helping them to forget that these veils exist. See them as gods and they will see it themselves.

A.

AN ANCIENT EDEN.

OUR legends tell of faery fountains upspringing in Eri, and how the people of long ago saw them not but only the Tuatha de Danaan. Some deem it was the natural outflow of water at these places which was held to be sacred; but above fountain, rill and river rose up the enchanted froth and foam of invisible rills and rivers breaking forth from Tir-na-noge, the soul of the island, and glittering in the sunlight of its mystic day. What we see here is imaged forth from that invisible soul and is a path thereto. In the heroic *Epic of Cuculain* Standish O'Grady writes of such a fountain, and prefixes his chapter with the verse from *Genesis*, "And four rivers went forth from Eden to water the garden," and what follows in reference thereto.

THE FOUNTAIN OF SHADOWY BEAUTY.

A DREAM.

*I would I could weave in
 The colour, the wonder,
 The song I conceive in
 My heart while I ponder,
 And show how it came like
 The magi of old
 Whose chant was a flame like
 The dawn's voice of gold ;
 Who dreams followed near them,
 A murmur of birds,
 And ear still could hear them
 Uncharted in words.
 In words I can only
 Reveal thee my heart,
 Oh, Light of the Lonely,
 The shining impart.*

Between the twilight and the dark
 The lights danced up before my eyes :
 I found no sleep or peace or rest,
 But dreams of stars and burning skies.

I knew the faces of the day—
 Dream faces, pale, with cloudy hair,
 I know you not nor yet your home,
 The Fount of Shadowy Beauty, where ?

I passed a dream of gloomy ways
 Where ne'er did human feet intrude :
 It was the border of a wood,
 A dreadful forest solitude.

With wondrous red and faery gold
 The clouds were woven o'er the ocean ;
 The stars in fiery æther swung
 And danced with gay and glittering motion.

A fire leaped up within my heart
When first I saw the old sea shine;
As if a god were there revealed
I bowed my head in awe divine;

And long beside the dim sea marge
I mused until the gathering haze
Veiled from me where the silver tide
Ran in its thousand shadowy ways.

The black night dropt upon the sea:
The silent awe came down with it:
I saw fantastic vapours flit
As o'er the darkness of the pit.

When, lo! from out the furthest night
A speck of rose and silver light
Above a boat shaped wondrously
Came floating swiftly o'er the sea.

It was no human will that bore
The boat so fleetly to the shore
Without a sail spread or an oar.

The Pilot stood erect thereon
And lifted up his ancient face,
(Ancient with glad eternal youth
Like one who was of starry race).

His face was rich with dusky bloom;
His eyes a bronze and golden fire;
His hair in streams of silver light
Hung flamelike on his strange attire

Which starred with many a mystic sign
Fell as o'er sunlit ruby glowing:
His light flew o'er the waves afar
In ruddy ripples on each bar
Along the spiral pathways flowing.

It was a crystal boat that chased
The light along the watery waste,
Till caught amid the surges hoary
The Pilot stayed its jewelled glory.

Oh, never such a glory was:
The pale moon shot it through and through
With light of lilac, white and blue:
And there mid many a faery hue
Of pearl and pink and amethyst,
Like lightning ran the rainbow gleams
And wove around a wonder-mist.

The Pilot lifted beckoning hands;
Silent I went with deep amaze
To know why came this Beam of Light
So far along the ocean ways
Out of the vast and shadowy night.

“Make haste, make haste!” he cried. “Away!
A thousand ages now are gone.
Yet thou and I ere night be sped
Will reck no more of eve or dawn.”

Swift as the swallow to its nest
I leaped: my body dropt right down:
A silver star I rose and flew.
A flame burned golden at his breast:
I entered at the heart and knew
My Brother-Self who roams the deep,
Bird of the wonder-world of sleep.

The ruby body wrapt us round
As twain in one: we left behind
The league-long murmur of the shore
And fleeted swifter than the wind.

The distance rushed upon the bark:
We neared unto the mystic isles:
The heavenly city we could mark,
Its mountain light, its jewel dark,
Its pinnacles and starry piles.

The glory brightened: “Do not fear
For we are real, though what seems
So proudly built above the waves
Is but one mighty spirit’s dreams.

“Our Father’s house hath many fanes,
Yet enter not and worship not,
For thought but follows after thought
Till last consuming self it wanes.

“The Fount of Shadowy Beauty flings
Its glamour o’er the light of day :
A music in the sunlight sings
To call the dreamy hearts away
Their mighty hopes to ease awhile :
We will not go the way of them :
The chant makes drowsy those who seek
The sceptre and the diadem.

“The Fount of Shadowy Beauty throws
Its magic round us all the night ;
What things the heart would be, it sees
And chases them in endless flight.
Or coiled in phantom visions there
It builds within the halls of fire ;
Its dreams flash like the peacock’s wing
And glow with sun-hues of desire.
We will not follow in their ways
Nor heed the lure of fay or elf,
But in the ending of our days
Rest in the high Ancestral Self.”

The boat of crystal touched the shore,
Then melted flamelike from our eyes,
As in the twilight drops the sun
Withdrawing rays of paradise.

We hurried under archèd aisles
That far above in heaven withdrawn
With cloudy pillars stormed the night
Rich as the opal shafts of dawn.

I would have lingered then—but he—
“ Oh, let us haste : the dream grows dim.
Another night, another day,
A thousand years will part from him

“Who is that Ancient One divine
 From whom our phantom being born
 Rolled with the wonder-light around
 Had started in the fairy morn.

“A thousand of our years to him
 Are but the night, are but the day,
 Wherein he rests from cyclic toil
 Or chants the song of starry sway.

“He falls asleep: the Shadowy Fount
 Fills all our heart with dreams of light:
 He wakes to ancient spheres, and we
 Through iron ages mourn the night.
 We will not wander in the night
 But in a darkness more divine
 Shall join the Father Light of Lights
 And rule the long-descended line.”

Even then a vasty twilight fell:
 Wavered in air the shadowy towers:
 The city like a gleaming shell,
 Its azures, opals, silvers, blues,
 Were melting in more dreamy hues.
 We feared the falling of the night
 And hurried more our headlong flight.
 In one long line the towers went by;
 The trembling radiance dropt behind,
 As when some swift and radiant one
 Flits by and flings upon the wind
 The rainbow tresses of the sun.

And then they vanished from our gaze
 Faded the magic lights, and all
 Into a Starry Radiance fell
 As waters in their fountain fall.

We knew our time-long journey o'er
 And knew the end of all desire,
 And saw within the emerald glow
 Our Father like the white sun-fire.

We could not say if age or youth
Was on his face: we only burned
To pass the gateways of the Day,
The exiles to the heart returned.

He rose to greet us and his breath,-
The tempest music of the spheres,
Dissolved the memory of earth,
The cyclic labour and our tears.
In him our dream of sorrow passed,
The spirit once again was free
And heard the song the Morning-Stars
Chant in eternal revelry.

This was the close of human story;
We saw the deep unmeasured shine
And sank within the mystic glory
They called of old the Dark Divine.

*Well it is gone now,
The dream that I chanted:
On this side the dawn now
I sit fate-implanted.*

*But though of my dreaming
The dawn has bereft me,
It all was not seeming
For something has left me..*

*I feel in some other
World far from this cold light
The Dream Bird, my brother,
Is rayed with the gold light.*

*I too in the Father
Would hide me, and so,
Bright Bird, to foregather
With thee now I go.*

INTERNATIONAL 'REPRESENTATIVES' SUGGESTIONS.

As chairman of last European Convention it was my duty to notify all International Representatives who were not present at the Convention of their appointment. In asking them to accept the position I suggested that any hints as to how best to carry out the idea embodied in the resolution would be appreciated. By this time I have had replies from most of our Representatives, and have no doubt that all will be interested in reading one or two of the principal suggestions made. Of course the definite purpose of such an international body can only be properly decided when the Crusade ends, and the American Convention has considered the matter and taken action with regard to it.

Dr. Buck's proposal for an International Convention representative of all Sections in America, either at the site of the School for the revival of the lost Mysteries of Antiquity, or at New York when the Crusaders have completed their circuit, has been already published. Brother Thurston fully endorses the proposal, but suggests that "the expenses should be met from a common fund of contributions from all Sections, otherwise those far distant (from America) and small in number will have an undue share of expense." What a "big force" would be carried back to each of the Sections if such a scheme could be carried out! Everybody wants to know how it is to be accomplished.

Bro. Smythe of Canada writes as follows:

Members of such a body should have, as it were, consular or ambassadorial duties (not powers) in their respective territories, and their meetings might be of a pan-theosophical character, yearly or biennially, or even triennially, in different parts of the world, and on the lines of the British Association. . . . I can conceive of no reason for their existence in the theosophical movement but for purposes of work, and the gods know there is no dearth of it.

Bro. C. van der Zeyde, of Holland, makes a suggestion of a different character, but one which will certainly commend itself to many:

From my entrance into the T. S. I disliked the accidental and unmethodical fashion of treating the subjects of our philosophy in Branch meetings. My opinion is that these subjects should follow one another like the lessons in a well directed and regulated school, so that the treatment of one subject will be a preparation for that following. For example, I have made for our very young Centre (Zaandam) a syllabus, containing all the matters to be discussed in the first year, as follows:

(1) The T. S., its Ideals, Objects, etc.; (2) Belief, Philosophy and Science; (3) The Sources, Means and Ways of Knowledge; (4) Self-Knowledge; (5) Outer Organs and Inner Observation; (6) The Dualism of Man; (7) Soul and Spirit; (8) The Dis-

positions of Man; (9) Evolution; (10) Forms of Existence; (11) The Heresy of Seclusion and Separation; (12) The Enigma of Life; (13) The Cycle of Life; (14) Reincarnation; (15) Disorder or Regularity in Nature? (16) Karma; (17) Extinction of Nations and Progression of Ideas; (18) Thought-Force; (19) Goodness and Truth as a Unity; (20) The Higher and Lower Mind; (21) The Christ-Myth; (22) The Meaning of Mythology; (23) Symbols; (24) Analogy in Natural Phenomena; (25) Number and Rythm; (26) Cycles; (27) Whence and Whither? (28) Atlantis; (29) Our Future; (30) Our Responsibility and Duty.

It would be useful to communicate to one another through our International Committee the plans and methods used in different national and local Centres, so that we may work on harmonious lines in all countries, and help one another to find the best way to instruct those who come to us to learn lessons of knowledge and brotherly love.

The course of subjects outlined by our brother ought to prove useful to many young Branches, and even to those not young.

From New Zealand Bro. Neill writes a letter crammed full of suggestions. He says:

I feel *something* must be done to keep these fourteen countries *always* in touch—each with all—about that there can be no difference of opinion, I think. The Crusaders are laying the connecting line, but we all must be *living links* afterwards. Then, I suppose, at stated times these countries will meet by their representatives—it may be the seed-grain of “that parliament of man, that federation of the world.” The fourteen countries will grow into twenty-one, I hope, before long, or seventy-seven even. Nothing like expecting much, and in future, as we get rich, we may be able to exchange lecturers for a year or so, as may be found convenient and advisable. Whatever keeps up a lively, intelligent interest in the doings of the whole body of Theosophists throughout the world would help to give life, power, increase. . . . Why not have *The Theosophical World*, something really *international*? At present each paper is confined to the part of the world (mainly) where it is published, so that one has not anything like the whole theosophical world before one in any magazine. . . . The whole acts on each point and each point acts on the whole.

On another point Bro. Neill suggests that:

Each Branch or Lodge should, as far as possible, form a dépôt for books (however small), and pay, with order, which would lighten the capital at the chief publishing centre. Each Lodge would then virtually have a small share in the whole capital required.

Still another suggestion by Bro. Neill which, perhaps, concerns our Recording Secretary (the always genial C. F. W.) more than the International Representatives:

There is also a work which some one might do, which I have spoken of to several, and all are agreed that it would have a telling effect, viz., that a short outline of the theosophical movement in *each* century, for the last eighteen or so, be compiled—a sketch of the inner side of history, in fact. We have a little of one or

two centuries, but not much of others. To show the real philosophy of history and the continuous current of the theosophical river from age to age would arrest the attention of many.

I feel sure that this body of International Representatives will yet play an important part in our movement. It should be known that it was another of the many practical ideas thrown out by our leader, and the spontaneous outburst of enthusiasm which it has provoked from all parts augurs well for its success when the plan and scope of its operations are definitely arranged. The most practical point, it seems to me, for immediate action is that of Dr. Buck. Delegates from each Society at an International Convention in New York, immediately following the American Convention in April, would certainly be a great affair.

D. N. D.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

IT is useful now and again to turn attention to some of the characteristics of the age in which we live. We are told sometimes that we insist too much on the need for human sympathy and practical brotherhood. But what are the facts. Look around and see the effect of many of the most prominent agencies at work. What has culture done? Was life ever more humdrum and meaningless to the vast majority of men and women? What has the cult of beauty, with its desire *l'art pour l'art*, produced? Has it lessened poverty, wretchedness, suffering? I answer No! But it has done something. It has produced utter weariness, doubt and uncertainty. The true philosophy, forsooth, is to note the variety of life's contrasts and to appreciate each in proportion to its rarity, "its power of ministering to an almost feverish curiosity." Tolerance is synonymous with indifference. The human intellect has overstrained itself, and men falter, baffled, when they see what still remains to be achieved after all the energy expended. It is little wonder, therefore, that "weary" men know not whether they believe in anything at all—it might be a bad thing to believe in anything. Problems are solved but to lead to new problems. Theosophists talk of duty to humanity, it is true, but men dare to think and say that they have no duty—but to cultivate their nerves into a state of "abnormal sensitiveness," so that they will shriek almost when they enter a room with ugly wall-paper. Theosophists speak, too, of the dawn of a new day for the human race, but then, how many are up at sunrise? Is not the day far spent before they leave the habiliments of the night? Theories of things political and social are all very well;

but convictions? Not at all. It is true also that men do not see the realities of life. Catchwords appear to them illuminating profundities. One point of view is changed momentarily for another. Man must replace theory by knowledge before he can hope to have certainty of anything. Verily, it is true, that when the great man is absent the age produces nothing.

* * *

News to hand about the Crusade shows that splendid work has been done in India. Owing to Mrs. Besant's publication of certain statements in the Indian press before the arrival of the Crusaders, they were given an early opportunity of ventilating the real facts regarding the "split," about which India certainly had been kept much in the dark. They found Theosophy practically dead there, and if it had been possible to prolong their stay and cover more of the country India would be almost solidly with us. As it is, however, an organization has been formed on the lines of other countries, in affiliation with the Societies throughout the world who remained true to the principles of brotherhood when William Q. Judge was attacked. A strange appearance in the heavens, recorded by some Indian newspapers, may not be without significance. A meteor with three strong bright lights, triangle-shaped, and with a long serpent-like form of light attached, was seen to shoot in from *west* to east, followed by a strange and weird sound. What interpreter will explain? A most interesting address delivered by Mrs. Tingley at Bombay on Oct. 29th has been printed by special desire. In case some of our readers may not have seen it we give two interesting quotations:

It should be known that India was not the source of the world's religions, though there may be some teachers in India who flatter you with that view in order to gather you into some special fold. The occult learning that India once shared in common with other ancient peoples did not originate here, and does not exist to any extent in India proper to-day.

That sacred body that gave the world its mystic teachings and that still preserves it for those who yearly become ready to receive it, has never had its headquarters in India, but moved thousands of years ago from what is now a part of the American continent to a spot in Asia, then to Egypt, then elsewhere, sending teachers to India to enlighten its inhabitants. Krishna, Buddha, Jesus, Zoroaster, Mohammed, Quetzalcoatl, and many others who could be named were members of this great Brotherhood, and received their knowledge through interior initiation into its mysteries.

And again :

Oh, ye men and women, sons of the same universal mother as ourselves: ye who were born as we were born, who must die as we must die, and whose souls like

ours belong to the eternal, I call upon you to arise from your dreamy state and to see within yourselves that a new and brighter day has dawned for the human race.

This need not remain the age of darkness, nor need you wait till another age arrives before you can work at your best. It is only an age of darkness for those who cannot see the light, but the light itself has never faded and never will. It is yours if you will turn to it, live in it; yours to-day, this hour even, if you will hear what is said with ears that understand. Arise then, fear nothing, and taking that which is your own and all men's, abide with it in peace for ever more.

* * *

Sweden took a wise step in allying itself more closely with the real T. S. movement and the "new force." This has been already manifested in a variety of ways. The magazine of the new organization has come to hand and is really splendid. It contains a beautifully executed portrait of W. Q. J., with some appreciative articles regarding him. All Lodges are in full swing. Publicly organized lectures are given on a larger scale than ever before, and the movement is sure to spread widely as the result of this fresh activity. Our Swedish brothers and sisters have always been close to our hearts, and it is needless to say that we are watching their developments with much interest.

* * *

In New Zealand members are looking forward to the visit of the Crusaders, and have been successfully arousing public interest in the matter. Lodges and Centres are increasing, but in this direction there will no doubt be a great impetus when the Crusade brings its accumulated force to bear upon the country. Good news reaches us also from Sydney, N. S. W. The workers there have started a monthly magazine called *Magic*. They have their own type, etc., and Brothers Daniell and Williams, being compositors, "set up" after their working-hours. The first proofs, we understand, were "pulled" with smoothing-irons! There should certainly be great room for such a magazine in Australia. Copies of the first number have come to hand and certainly present a very creditable appearance in every way. It is hardly necessary to say that we wish this plucky venture the greatest possible success.

* * *

From letters received during the past month or two I gather that many new Branches find it hard to conduct their meetings owing to the want of papers, the result being that a heavy burden falls upon one member. Some scheme could surely be devised whereby older Branches could meet the deficiency of those more recently organized. Some country member, perhaps, anxious and willing to do some theosophical

work, might start a register of all Branches having papers to offer, as well as of all Branches desiring them. By this means papers might be kept in general circulation for the benefit of all Branches.

* * *

More attention might profitably be given to press work. Bro. Edge has been writing an admirable series of articles for a Portsmouth paper. It would be well, indeed, if they could appear in the local papers in other parts of England.

* * *

It seems to me that our Deputy Vice-President, Bro. Crooke, who has been doing such excellent work in England and Scotland during the past month or two, should, if possible, get to the American Convention in April next. I mention it thus early because some time will be required to collect a sufficient number of mites to pay his expenses. It would not be a bad idea to adopt the Purple Box plan. Members could thus put something aside daily for this object. I have no doubt when this paragraph meets Bro. Crooke's eye he will be much surprised. But his modesty enables us to appreciate his services all the more, and I have little doubt that if he goes to the American Convention he will bring back with him a force which will have far-reaching effect on the work in England and elsewhere.

THE T. S. IN EUROPE (IRELAND).

3, UPPER ELY PLACE, DUBLIN.

THERE is a good deal of quiet interest in our regular weekly meetings, and there are also a number every week who quite make up their minds to attend—but don't. It was ever thus. Bless their timid unconventional hearts!

The Annual Convention T. S. E. (Ireland) will be held on Jan. 6th, when the numerous members thereof are expected to attend in one or another of their Sharîras. Likewise the elemental selves of all crusaders, friends, powers and principalities.

On Jan. 13th Bro. Russell will lecture on *Our National Religion.*

FRED. J. DICK, *Convener.*

NOTICE.

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